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The McGill Daily

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volume 85 •
number 66

March 21-27, 1996

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Panelists:

- Richard Janda, Professor, Faculty of Law, McGill University
- Corinne Jetté, Advisor to the Dean, Faculty of Engineering and Computer Science, Concordia University
- Joanne St. Louis, Professor, Faculty of Law, University of Ottawa
- Katherine Young, Professor, Faculty of Religious Studies, McGill University

Moderator: Honora Shaughnessy, Director, McGill Employment Equity Office

Where - Room 232, Stephen Leacock Building

When - Thursday, 21 March, 1996, 3 - 5 pm



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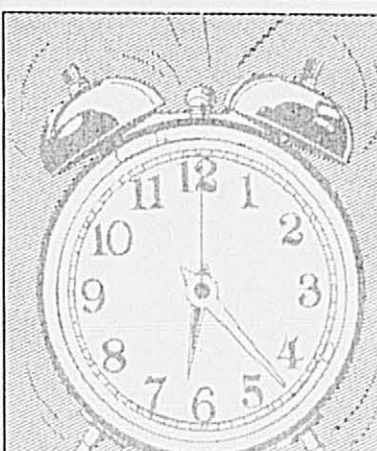
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Referendum and plebiscite results

Do you want the undergraduate Students' Society to remain a member of the Canadian Alliance of Student Associations (CASA)?

Yes 1422
No 789

Do you want the Students' Society to condemn companies, like Pepsi, that operate in Burma?

Yes 1884
No 558

Do you want to amend the Students' Society Constitution to create a financial ethics committee to offer advice on potential investments?

Yes 1693
No 445

Do you want to pay an extra \$10 per semester to the Students' Society towards the creation of a library fund?

Yes 1934
No 642

Do you agree to pay a fee of \$0.25 per semester to McGill Nightline?

Yes 2254
No 333

Do you think that the number of clubs and services representatives on the Students' Society council should increase, decrease or remain the same?

Remain the same: 470
Increase: 759
Decrease: 156
Do not know: 698

In the referendum of last week the undergraduate student society voted overwhelmingly (1884 to 588) to condemn Pepsi officially, repeatedly and publicly for their support of the repressive Burmese military regime. The referendum question to create a committee to do research on corporations with which SSMU would have future contracts won by an equally overwhelming vote of 1693 to 445.

This vote was representative of an evolving individual conscience ready to believe in the power of our voices in mandating social change. The power of this Pepsi condemnation originates in the fact that we the undergraduate students of McGill are uniting with the other 500 universities internationally in stating that investment in a military regime propagating a genocidal mission is unacceptable. We as students can not be fooled, as our president and VP finance was, by the lines which Pepsi feeds us to try to defend its repugnant actions, these lines proven to be lies by, the United Nations, Amnesty International, Desmond Tutu and hundreds of democratic gov-

ernments. Our student voices are representative of the positive action that can take place when students are ready to unite over an issue, when we are ready to prove the fact that our voices can produce results.

Helena Myers, SSMU President and Kelly Remai, VP finance wrote that over 16,000 students are able to chose a vice president finance and operations and a student council that will conduct business ethically on behalf of the SSMU, this being ample reason to not create the Financial Ethics Research Committee (FERC). The fact that 1693 compared to 445 students agreed to create such a group, hopefully will tell Ms Myers and Mr Remai that we do indeed want representatives who will act socially responsible and not on the behalf of special interest groups (Pepsi).

This overwhelming vote also represents the support held for the Students for Social Responsibility's actions, action that will continue. We have already contacted enthusiastic city council people who will be introducing legislature to the city, ending all contracts with corporations doing business in

Burma. This legislature has already been approved in four American cities, one American state and is pending in both New York City and Toronto. Similar to the movement on our campus, other movements against Pepsi are beginning at the three other Montreal universities. We are also planning educational forums at many of the colleges and CEGEPS. In order to further promote awareness. We have had interest from such organisations as CBC, *The Globe and Mail*, *The Gazette*, *Mix 96*, *The Hour*, *The Mirror* and various documentary series.

In counsel last week a counsel person proclaimed that students are taking themselves too seriously. My question is, if we did not take our actions seriously would we be where we are presently and if, we don't take ourselves seriously who will?

Please contact Students for Social Responsibility at 398-7432. Action is continuing through the summer months and the following scholastic year.

Simone Levine
Students for Social Responsibility

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Erratum

Storycircle meets at the Yellow Door Café on 3625 Alymer north of Prince Arthur. The *McGill Daily* apologises for the error in the March 14-20 culture edition.

THE CASA PLEBISCITE

If you are trying to sell something that is un-sellable, I would encourage you to contact Andrea Stairs, Chair of the "Yes CASA" committee.

Selling CASA, the nearly bankrupt "national" student organisation which operates out of a guy's apartment in Ottawa, is no small feat. Stairs should be congratulated for successfully manipulating an electoral process that is supposed to inform voters of the truth. But the truth is exactly what CASA supporters on this campus had to bury.

Less than 24 hours before polls opened for the SSMU elections, Stairs made a desperate plea to the Chief Returning Officer's. She forcefully lobbied the SSMU-appointed CROs to remove the 100-word information write-ups that were to appear at all the polling stations on behalf of the "No CASA" and

the "Yes CASA" committees. After the lies were removed from Stairs' write up (that the pathetically small and quickly shrinking CASA was Canada's largest national student organisation and that CASA was responsible for convincing the federal government to adopt certain education policies before the organisation even existed), there was nothing left.

The No Committee, on the other hand, had lots of factual information about CASA for the electorate: that CASA has been lobbying for the implementation of a "grad tax" and a loans program which would lead to huge tuition hikes and lifetime student indebtedness, that the University of British Columbia and University of Calgary have pulled out of CASA in the past few months, that Carleton and other dissatisfied members are withholding their fees, that a

former executive of CASA is being investigated for misappropriation of funds, that CASA is on the verge of financial insolvency and cannot even afford office space or support staff....

It makes sense that CASA wouldn't want this information released.

At the request of Andrea Stairs, they chose to remove these write-ups from the polling stations.

This was the last straw. After the SSMU's year-long misinformation campaign about CASA, the "Yes CASA" committee went into overdrive a few days before voting began. Stairs and her followers had no other choice but to plaster campus with grossly inaccurate statements about CASA and campaign illegally. It even concocted a pathetic post-card campaign to the Minister of Transport a day before voting began to put forward

the facade that it is doing something with your money (apart from mysteriously losing it) - is CASA unaware that education falls under the portfolio of the Ministry of Human Resources and Development? What a joke.

CASA may think that it has won the battle. However, in the following months, one of two things will take place. CASA might not even survive through the summer and die a natural death. Failing that, McGill students committed to accessible education, a non-privatised university, and financial responsibility will successfully launch an information campaign about CASA to make sure nobody on this campus will ever believe the CASA lies again. Only then will there be a fair vote on this campus.

Sarah Schmidt

Hyde Park

Hyde Park

Heavenly fox

by christinaswindells

You might think that Larissa Lai's award-winning first novel, *When Fox Is a Thousand*, is a younger, lesbian version of *The Joy Luck Club*, but you'd be wrong. It's much darker and more interesting than that. Like Amy Tan's novel, this one chronicles the lives of North American Asian women — albeit in Vancouver, not California — as well as the lives of women in China. But *When Fox Is a Thousand* is more con-

cerned with magic and ancient history than with twentieth century wars.

The title refers to a Chinese myth that fills the book with images of transformation:

"When a fox is fifty years old, it acquires the ability to change itself into a woman. At a hundred it can assume the shape of a beautiful girl, or that of a sorcerer. . . At that age the fox knows what is happening at a distance of a thousand miles; it can derange the human mind and reduce a person to an imbecile. When the fox is a thousand years old, it is in communication with Heaven and is then called Heavenly Fox, *t'ien hu*."



The story is told in three voices. One is that of the Fox, who is nearing her thousandth birthday. On her hundredth birthday, she took over the corpse of Yu Hsuan-Chi, a ninth-century Chinese poet and nun. Hsuan-Chi is the second narrator — she was executed for killing her maid, a crime she may or may not have committed. The third voice is "an unnamed narrator speaking of contemporary twentieth-century life," particularly the life of Artemis Wong, a Chinese-Canadian university student.

Acting as a mediator between the two time periods, the Fox has emigrated to Vancouver and is now haunting Artemis. The three voices intertwine throughout the book, creating a story richer than each one would be

alone. Since an icon for the current voice is printed each time the narrative baton is passed, the structure is not confusing but compelling.

The icon for the contemporary narrator is a tree with its roots showing. This image reflects the isolation of Artemis, Diane, Mercy and Claude, all young Chinese-Canadian women. They try to form bonds with each other as friends and lovers, but this leads to betrayal and more loneliness.

Their isolation parallels the isolation of Hsuan-Chi's life. Hsuan Chi's mother died when she was born; Diane, Mercy and Claude are separated from their mothers by pop culture and the tragic family secrets that pull their roots out from under them. Adopted by a white couple, Artemis doesn't remember her birth mother and is deeply ambivalent about her Chinese heritage. In Vancouver, the Fox (still animating Hsuan-Chi's corpse) has blonde hair with dark roots, a physical mirror of how Artemis has been culturally colonized.

As part of her haunting, the Fox engineers a breakup between Artemis and Claude. Describing it, she says, "They argued through the night about something dreadfully political. I have a hard time with twentieth-century political theory. It makes me cross-eyed and dries out my nose."



Lai's political messages don't have this effect. She subtly and wryly attacks racism, sexism, gay bashing and the terrible ways women can hurt each other and themselves. The story suggests this pain is caused at least in part by social structures and by bigotry.

While the Fox and Hsuan-Chi's stories provide archetypal and historical context, the main story is Artemis'. She starts out in a non-relationship with a young gay man. She meets Diane and a strange love rectangle forms — at different times each of the other three Vancouverites is allied with or against her. Artemis escapes this briefly on a trip to Hong Kong, but upon returning events spiral out of control with Fox's meddling.

As Susan Crean writes on the back cover, Larissa Lai is "a sure-footed writer and teller of tales." *When Fox Is a Thousand's* plot and imagery are both myth-like and disturbingly realistic. The underlying themes are like the Fox — skilled at hiding and then revealing themselves in unexpected places, still haunting me now although I've finished the book.

Larissa Lai and the poet Chrystos will be reading from recent works Monday, March 25th, at 7:30 p.m., in the Arts Council Room (Rm 160) of the Arts Bldg. *When Fox Is a Thousand* is available from Press Gang Publishing.



Letters

Knowing is half the battle To the *Daily*,

As students, our most powerful weapon is our voice. I'm writing this letter out of concern that this voice is not being heard - or perhaps not being amplified.

Through the SSMU spring 1996 campaign period, the most important thing that I learned is that information is readily accessible to every student at McGill. The SSMU office is always open for business, and ready to provide students with answers. The most disheartening aspect of the campaign was blatant apathy. For every interested student, I came across fifteen indifferent students. I don't believe that these students are ignorant; they simply aren't well informed. But it's the student's responsibility to get informed, and you don't need to be a SSMU executive in order to do so.

Last Monday, there was an open forum with Principal Shapiro; everybody was given the chance to listen and the opportunity to speak. This event was the climax of my introduction to politics at McGill. I witnessed intelligent, conscientious students speak their minds, and saw that

every student has not only the right, but the duty to do the same. I strongly support the idea of an estates general, and should it materialise, I encourage everyone to attend.

In the mean time, I implore every student to take the initiative and find out what's happening to McGill. Our school is rapidly evolving, and if we don't actively participate at this crucial stage in McGill's history, the student voice will be ignored. We cannot afford to let that happen. Pick up a copy of Shapiro's *Towards a new McGill*, SSMU's *Making McGill*, or *The Report of the Task Force*. Take the time to find out what's going on before your very eyes. It's sure to captivate you; it certainly impassioned me.

Carrie Goldstein
U1 Science

The *Daily's* blind eye To the *Daily*,

Recently, Palestinian suicide bombers killed almost sixty people in Israel. In response, Jewish student groups at McGill organized two vigils to mourn the victims of the attacks. While other newspapers reported the events, the *Daily* remained conspicuously mute.

The *Daily* has no excuses.

Its editorial staff was contacted several times, and the vigils took place on the steps of the Shatner Building. Hundreds of students and three government officials showed their solidarity against Islamic fundamentalist terror. Yet the *Dailyites* didn't deem the gatherings newsworthy.

Unfortunately, such behaviour is commonplace. While the *Daily* champions every trendy, leftist cause, it's largely apathetic to the concerns of McGill's Jewish community. Still, the *Daily* never misses a jab. Last Thursday, it reported that Israel violated the Taba Interim Agreement because it didn't free Palestinian prisoners convicted of killing Israelis.

First, the release of Palestinian prisoners doesn't hinge upon the whims of the Peres government. Only a presidential pardon can free them, something President Chaim Weizman has yet to grant. Second, it's incredibly offensive, given the recent terrorism, to tacitly advocate the release of murderers.

Equally disturbing is the way the *Daily* perpetuates this callousness. Potential journalists see the narrow ideological bent of the *Daily* and are discouraged from contributing

news items. As a result, a significant part of McGill's student body is censored.

I sincerely hope that the *Daily's* editors see that, to have a truly democratic publication, pluralism must be cultivated.

Lip service isn't enough.

Erik Schechter
Arts U3

Turning the other cheek To the *Daily*,

I am saddened to see your recent letters to the *Daily* and the *Tribune* expressing concern with my candidacy. In the interest of clarity, I will spell out my priorities on sexual assault and sexual harassment. I am aware that I do not speak for you, and that your priorities may be different.

My immediate priority upon taking office will be to ensure confidentiality for McGill proceedings. My policy would prevent the use of any materials or notes collected in the course of a complainant's therapy or treatment. I will draft the policy, and submit it for comment to yourselves, the Women's Union, Shakti, and LBGTU.

I will then turn my attention to legislative amendments. There is a movement afoot in Ottawa to amend the *Canada*

Evidence Act to create a doctor-patient privilege, which could include hotlines and counseling sessions as well. I will determine the stage at which our input can best be made, and consult Council as to how we should proceed.

I agree that it would have been preferable if I had spoken to a SACOMSS Coordinator in the past. Unfortunately, when I approached your office on March 7, I was ejected and not allowed to leave any note for any Coordinator. Also, I am unaware of any instance in which I may have represented myself as a member of or a spokesperson for your organization. If you would like to bring any such representation by me to my attention, I will make an appropriate restate-

ment. I do hope to have the opportunity to mend any rifts which may have developed between SACOMSS and me. Notwithstanding our rocky start together, I hope we will maintain a positive working relationship; the issues about which we are all concerned are too important for anything less.

Don McGowan
V.P. University Affairs,
SSMU (Elect)

Counter Offence tackles issues without the PC over-dose

PLAYING WITHOUT RHETORIC

by jessicawerb

Last night, for the first time in a very long time, I ventured into a small community theatre to see a live theatre production titled *Counter Offence*. The posters for the show sported the words "When a crime against a woman turns into a crime against race," and as I took my seat I felt my politically correct-overdose protection shields rise. How-

ever, I was to be pleasantly surprised by a very thought-provoking and well-written play, and my fears of being suffocated by PC preaching soon subsided.

Counter Offence is a very clever, well-written play about an Indian woman, Shazia (Raminder Singh) and the problems which ensue after she has

her Iranian husband, Shapoor (Cas Anvar) arrested for abusing her. Not only is the question of wife abuse brought up, but the play ambitiously deals with questions of racism, sexism, immigration and morality as well.

A less adept playwright could very easily have made a mess of such a saturated plot, but creator Rahul Varma somehow managed to bring it all together and form a smooth, logical and suspenseful work.

Part of a short program statement from director Jack Langedijk states "There will not be any justice until each of us not affected by crime feels as indignant and assaulted as the victim." These words summarise the overall sentiment of the play as each character, in turn, finds him/herself in some position of victimisation. As a result, the audience finds itself unsure where to place its sympathies, as they are constantly being shifted from character to character with each new development.

When the play begins, one can't help but feel indignant and angered by Shapoor's violent behaviour towards his wife. And yet, when Clarinda, a social worker (Judi Rudd) convinces Shazia to threaten deportation should he not comply with the rules of a restraining order, it becomes difficult to agree that these actions are not too harsh, as arguments brought in by Shapoor's lawyer begin to sway hasty opinions.

Things become more and more complicated as lawyers and parents are brought in. Shapoor's lawyer, Murad (Kapil Bawa) sees this as a chance to accuse the police force of racism, and strives to find any clues that Shapoor was treated indiscriminately by Galliard, the police officer in the domestic unit (Stephen Orlov). Clarinda, on the other hand, sees this as her chance to make a huge statement about wife abuse — she sees only the public statement that would result from having Shapoor deported.

Soon the papers are full of headlines about racism and domestic abuse, but this does nothing to help settle the

problems or issues. Shazia and Shapoor find themselves being used as pawns in a whirlwind of accusations, guilt and anger, and they soon seem to lose control over their own decisions. Their personal plight becomes obscured by the issues surrounding their situation and gradually the truth itself becomes blurred with drastic consequences.

The story itself is told through a series of flashbacks, taking us back and forth from a court trial, where we hear personal testimonies of the individual characters, to the actual events they describe. Conventional thinking about time and space is thus dismantled, and the audience is made to skip between past and present as events are slowly unraveled. Yet, this is done in a way that is never confusing or jarring.

While the play's script and direction are excellent, the actors are not entirely convincing as is so often the case with small independent theatre productions. One is consciously aware of the roles the actors are playing, and at times it is hard to become completely caught up in the play's action. There is one actress, however, who is a delight to watch: Ranjana Jha, who plays Shafiqua, Shazia's mother. She brings a gentle wit and strength to her role and the result is a wonderful, believable character.

So it was that my re-introduction into the world of live theatre was a genuinely enjoyable one. I was treated to a play that dealt with numerous complex issues, while at the same time managing to do so in a sophisticated manner, allowing room for thought and criticism. Rather than feeling hit over the head with familiar PC rhetoric, I left the theatre ready to keep an eye out for more productions put on by the Teesri Duniya Theatre company, and excited about the prospect of seeing another one in the near future.

Counter Offence plays at the Centre Intercultural Strathearn, 3680 Rue Jeanne Mance, Tues. - Sat. at 20h, Sundays at 14h30 until March 31. Tickets are \$10 (students/seniors \$8). For info or reservations call 848-0238.



TAs strike on March 19 to protest 50 per cent wage cuts and other Shapiro initiatives



by marknarron

The danse of death or the danse of dumb?

In light of the never-dying rave scene and the recent barrage of media attention given to a few of its dead participants, the *Daily* sent me to investigate the deadly ecstasy.

What I discovered, though, was a drug and a scene that felt genuinely good, didn't interfere with the Monday morning class and that just might suddenly kill you.

Ecstasy is a pleasant weekend drug that can end your life without really ruining it. Its use leads neither to addiction, to negligence of personal hygiene, nor to a necessarily lower GPA. And it still sounds cool when bragging about it in *The Alley*.

One need only refer to certain class pictures of British teens who collapsed at raves and subsequently died, to realize that while ecstasy may not be risk-free, it hadn't tarnish these bright smiles.

New to Montréal

Since its European birth as "ecstasy" in 1987, the drug's U.K. death-toll has reached 60. The most recent victim claimed by ecstasy was 19 year-old Andreas Bouzis, who collapsed in a London club on January 13.

Fortunately, though, the drug has yet to claim a life in Québec. According to Constable Michelle Beaudoin of the Montréal.

Urban Communité's (MUC) Drug Prevention Program, "e" is fairly new to Québec and its use remains almost exclusive to Montréal. "It's the new thing," she stated, adding that "its very popular in the gay areas."

Of course, one must wonder whether ecstasy is "popular in the gay areas" (MUC being an

authority on trends) or if these are the only areas MUC cares to raid.

The point remains that Montréal ravers do not enjoy ecstasy in nearly the same staggering volume as their London counterparts. *The Economist* and other sources claim as many as 500 000 Brits use ecstasy weekly. No such statistic seems to exist for Québec.

One indicator might be the Addiction Research Founda-

tion's 1995 Ontario Student Drug Use Survey. According to the survey, only 1.8 per cent of the 4 000 high school students surveyed had used ecstasy in the past year. Ecstasy was easily beat out by heroin (2 per cent), cocaine (2.4 per cent) and of course cannabis (22.7 per cent). However, the survey points out that ecstasy was only first introduced to Canada in 1989. And while the use of other drugs had increased only moderately since 1993, the number of

ecstasy users had more than doubled. But the survey says nothing of ecstasy's prevalence in Montréal or Québec. Apparently, ecstasy use in Montréal is not high enough to warrant a local "e" manufacturer. According to MUC chemist Pierre McMurray, all of the ecstasy seized by police in Montréal was imported, most of it from Europe.

"If sold at \$30 a tablet, the producer would make a 200 per cent profit," stated McMurray. The equipment needed to produce ecstasy runs under \$1 000 and none of the chemicals necessary are illegal to purchase in Québec. However, the sale of these chemicals

is monitored by the police. McMurray says that all you need is a solid chemistry background and the recipe, which is posted on the Web. Because the retail price for "e" is so high, despite low production costs, the Québec market for "e" is small.

I decided the only way to get any sort of feel for ecstasy's provincial popularity, its myths and its "deadly power" was to go to my first rave.

The intensity of ecstasy's pleasure is virtually uncontested. Love for others and oneself, relief of tension, temporary relief of psychological neuroses, and a super-awareness of touch and sound are all reported effects.

Catching up with the rave train

I always felt that I had waited too long to check out a rave. I missed the rave train when it first caught my eye around 1990. And now that the whole phenomena is so mainstream, I would hate to seem like a fair-weather-friend. The Coca-Cola "rave" commercial only strengthened my reluctance.

I envisioned a leap into a cold, digitized urban underbelly. I imagined getting that di-

vorced-from-emotion chill that I get when looking at those Jim Carrey-as-the-Riddler sunglasses.

But what immediately struck me as I walked inside my first rave was that I was simply witnessing an aspect of social life. And a 15 year old's social life at that.

In all fairness, it still possessed the genuine futuristic spirituality accorded to the ideal rave, a surrender to artificiality and plastic baby pacifiers. The rave hummed with a digital numbness reminiscent of the sort induced by staring at "Magic Eye" posters. And the combination of computer-printer sounds (techno music) and the ubiquity of drugs, lent to an ambiance of, well, lobotomy.

The "rave" — its name connoting incoherent speech —

strives to unite all of its participants in telepathic communication. Obi Wan Kenobe might say that they are sharing "the force." But my guess is that they are just saying "duh."

Admittedly, for the first three hours of the rave, my thoughts were inconsistent with the all-unifying "duh." My mood was killed by spending 45 minutes combing the city in a taxi, trying to phonetically imitate the rave's address spoken by a fuzzy telephone recording.

Finally, I arrived at the venue chosen for the rave: a renovated ice-skating rink decked out with laser-lights, projection screens, and huge neon cubes on the dance-floor which made me feel like one of the Mario Brothers. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of sophisticated

venge right now.

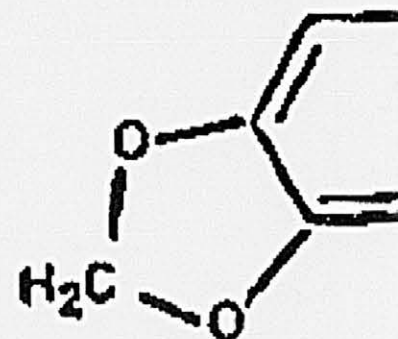
Ravers obviously appreciate conformity. Female midriffs abounded. For males, quantity of clothing, not quality, is essential. For the 1 000 or so people present, about 6 000 people's-worth of denim was sweeping across the dance-floor. At the very least, raves are clean.

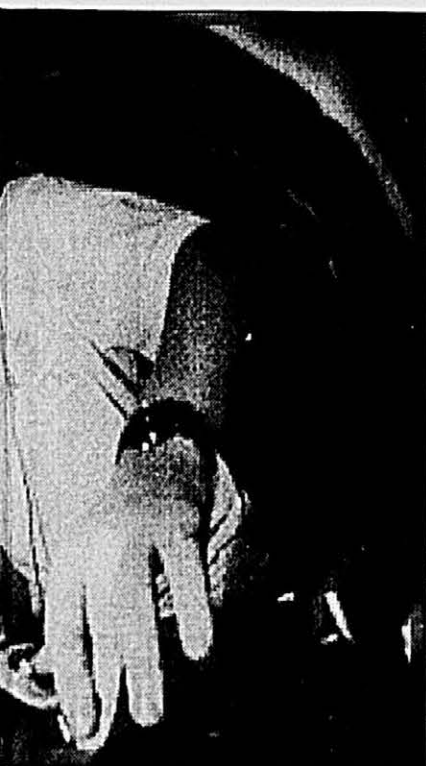
But the real conformity lay in the "e." As my cabbie so aptly put it on the way, "rave... everyone... ecstasy." With seven hours to go, the rave already crawled with empty aluminum tablet casing and smelled like a Vapo-Rub meltdown. After all, the rave scene would not have lasted more than eight years, spread to practically every continent, or have an entire fashion industry built around it. It was nothing more than a spurious party with redundant music. That cosmic feeling of unity, though sometimes attributable to cocaine and methamphetamine, is epitomized by e.

Ecstasy or empathy?

The "sexual energy" that is so often implied in rave-publicity and by the name "ecstasy" itself, however, was nowhere to be found.

Seasoned ravers will testify to the rave's notoriety as "sexually indifferent," thanks to "e." According to Nicholas Saunders' book *E for Ecstasy*, ecstasy reduces sex drive. It acts as a kind of chemical castration, or as Saunders puts it, makes one





g to Rave About

allows the ecstasy myth

concentrate on "love" as opposed to "erotic love."

Men on ecstasy report difficulty getting an erection. And all users are less likely to reach orgasm during sex. According to legend, the drug was originally and more accurately called "empathy." But considering the name un-marketable, a dealer re-baptized the drug "ecstasy" for more sex appeal.

Saunders notes however, that although ecstasy suppresses sexual desire, it also virtually annihilates inhibitions. Ecstasy may increase one's "receptivity to sex, but it is not conducive to pursuing its invitation," he writes. This being the case, users should take extra care to practice safe-sex.

Serotonin levels affected

According to recent findings in the British Journal of Clinical Pathology, ecstasy can cause major liver, heart and brain damage. The original ecstasy, meth-

ylene-dioxyamphetamine or MDMA, was originally patented in 1913 by Merck, a German pharmaceutical company, as an appetite suppressant. Now almost anything is sold as "ecstasy." According to Saunders, MDMA enjoyed a less than illustrious career in psychotherapy, though it is still used illicitly in the practice of some fringe psychiatrists. Now with the general consensus of its neurotoxicity, ecstasy will hardly be venturing any further than the rave.

Ecstasy has been found to re-

duce the brain's levels of serotonin, the neurotransmitter which controls mood, appetite and sleep regulation. According to Dr. Blier, a neurobiologist from McGill's Department of Psychiatry, MDMA administered in animals has been shown to destroy certain serotonin neurons. "The lesioning of serotonin neurons is irreparable," he states. "Once they are destroyed, they are gone."

Long-term implications of reduced serotonin levels may involve a greater susceptibility to depression, with fluxes in appetite and sex-drive.

The findings published in the Journal of Clinical Pathology by a research team from Sheffield University in the U.K. were based on the investigation of seven dead ecstasy users. Swelling, bleeding and damaged nerves were reportedly found in

their brains as well as was dead tissue in the liver and heart.

Saunders, who is not a doctor, claims that MDMA has potential for use in psychotherapy. He argues that its qualities of eliminating fear and enhancing empathy can help patients face traumatic memories. But even Saunders alludes to heavy users' tendency of developing a "milder personality" and losing their short term memories.

MDMA's one perk is that it is not believed to be clinically addictive. Regular users who stop taking it will not experience physical withdrawal symptoms, though life will doubtless be less stimulating. "E" has a built-in deterrent to a buse: taken frequently, it loses its pleasant effects and develops unpleasant ones. According to Saunders, a tablet taken once a day will produce no pleasant effects in less than a week while speedy, exhausting effects may worsen. It may take up to six weeks after the last dosage to feel the full pleasant effects again.

Raves amplify the impact

The scary side of ecstasy, which gets so much attention in the media, has to do with the drug's lethal short-term effects exacerbated by the conditions in a rave. Though MDMA relieves muscle tension, stress, and dissolves fear like Alka-Seltzer in water, it also causes a loss of sense of pain and temperature. Awareness of touch and sound are super-amplified, making sober reality seem like Nintendo, although pain and extreme temperatures are felt, the user just

isn't bothered. Indifference to pain has disastrous consequences when you've been dancing for four hours without a break, you're dehydrated and your body temperature skyrockets. You may die of heat stroke, as did Andreas Bouzis, perhaps without even caring.

By itself, "e" quickens the pulse, raises body temperature, and slows down kidney function. Combine a fast pulse, a reluctance to sit still and techno at 125 beats per minute and its not hard to imagine boiling to death. There are always tiny cuts inside the body and the brain, but at 42°C blood no longer clots. High blood pressure then only hurries you on your way to bleeding to death. People with cardiac disease are particularly dis-

posed to sudden death.

It would be unfair to hastily label ecstasy as an exclusively "bourgeois" drug, a Friday night splurge of last week's allowance. But it wouldn't be too unfair.

Even ravers who know to rest periodically and drink lots of water to avoid dehydration, also

around £700 million per year.

What is it then about the combination of the rave and "e" that is so popular? The average rave in Montreal runs at \$20-a-ticket, slap on the price of a few tabs of "e" (generally \$27-\$45 each) and a raver can easily blow \$100.

It would be unfair to hastily

label ecstasy as an exclusively "bour-

die. For example, one of the raver cadavers studied by the Sheffield University team had severely swollen brain tissue from having imbibed fourteen litres of water.

Keeping in mind, however, the number of people estimated to use ecstasy weekly, the user-to-death ratio is relatively small compared to that of other heavy drugs. But of course, "e" is touted as the drug for non-druggies: a good night out with the promise of no bad trips.

Who's using 'e'?

According to the DEA, heavy users of heroin or cocaine don't take to ecstasy at all. Those who are flocking to raves are not usually seasoned addicts but casual

geois" drug, a Friday night splurge of last week's allowance. But it wouldn't be too unfair.

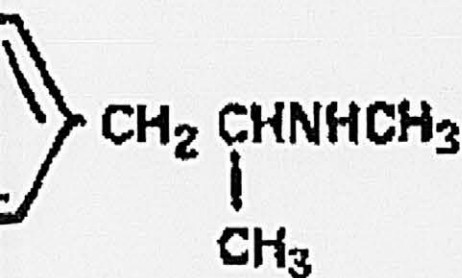
Most ravers are between the ages of 16 and 20 with no fixed income. Unlike addicts who may commit crimes to fuel their habit, ravers will often just beg mom or dad. The tickets for most raves

are conveniently sold at boutiques like Extc or Juan and Juanita. This facilitates begging when mom or dad goes up to the counter to pay for oversize pants or baby t-shirts.

Is the experience worth all that money? One regular raver I talked to said yes. Trying to articulate a thought while he and a few of his friends were engaging in a "feely-feely" (a Tiger balm massage orgy), he said, "I feel like vapor." He then rubbed Tiger balm on my forehead.

The intensity of ecstasy's pleasure is virtually uncontested. Love for others and oneself, relief of tension, temporary relief of psychological neuroses, and a super-awareness of touch and sound are all reported effects. The coming down and subsequent hangover (if any) is also reportedly tolerable or even pleasurable. And its predominance in a rave creates an environment free of sexual aggression. As Saunders points out, small talk and flirting seem ridiculously hollow. Caressing and hugging does not imply a sexual advance. Affection is enjoyable and without

risk. Try rubbing Tiger balm on stranger at Gert's. After witnessing the utopic effects of ecstasy, its toxicity struck me as bad luck. Potentially, ecstasy could teach us the acceptance of self and others which we all forget as children. Because of the long-term damage it causes when the rave dies, ecstasy will surely follow. Though, of course not anytime soon.



off the darkroom floor...



untitled by **Erin Toole**

Bad Religion - **The Gray Race**

Another installment from California's most famous maker of political and social diatribes. Will this be the album that will grace MTV this summer, much like Rancid did last summer and Green Day/Offspring the year before...? This wouldn't be such a bad thing, because as usual Greg Graffin has a lot to say, a lot of which could (in theory) bring the punk rock revolution a little closer to reality. Bad Religion have few flaws, which is not really surprising considering that they have a punk rock history which goes back at least to the Circle Jerks. The playing is tight, every single chorus is singable and catchy, the lyrics reflect a critical view of (North) American life and of course the songs are short enough that you rarely notice how simple the song structure is. This album does have weaknesses though: it seems as though there is an incontinuity between the lyrics and the music — the lyrics sometimes seem jammed into the song, but it does seem that Bad Religion are making an effort to combine them to greater effect. Following on the theme of lyrics: they are written in a very intellectual way — as opposed to what some would consider the "traditional" proletarian or philistine way. Sometimes this comes across as a wee bit arrogant. Unfortunately, it is all too easy to get lost in the constant disillusionment and not bother to look at the considerable

content of the lyrics, but hey, if you don't have the stomach for negativity, why bother opening your eyes at all?

jaymccoy

Melissa Etheridge - **Your Little Secret**

The story goes like this: the title for Melissa Etheridge's latest album struck her while surfing the Net one day.

That's when she stumbled upon two people talking about her, wistfully acknowledging that she was no longer 'their little secret.' She immediately borrowed the name.

Melissa no longer plays to obscure wavelengths. She has carved her own niche on commercial radio, despite her stubborn refusal to conform to more traditional images.

"It took a few records and Melissa coming out of the closet to do it," one reporter recently gushed, "but she finally became a bona fide superstar with her 1993 album, *Yes I Am*."

"With the release of her new album *Your Little Secret*, Etheridge is poised on the brink of even greater success. There's talk of stadium tours, and inheriting her hero Bruce Springsteen's mantle as America's rock & roll icon."

A woman taking Bruce Springsteen's place? A woman

who openly sings about her own raw sexual desires — undisguised and unashamed — selling millions of albums? This is not the stuff we used to hear on the pop stations.

So consider this review kind of a tribute to "Rock's Great Dyke Hope." Or maybe a plea to an artist poised for "greatness" (i.e. mass-appeal mediocrity) to resist the urge to tone down her sexuality.

Albums ago, *Bring Me Some Water* was new, fresh and daring. It challenged people to deal with the reality that women have sexual needs and desires too, all with a catchy chorus. But the songs on *Your Little Secret* seem suspiciously devoid of new direction and the latest album contains few surprises.

I Want To Come Over has that distinct Melissa twang as she bares her yearning soul — again. Granted, raw desire is always an inspiration, but isn't time to confront new barriers now?

Then again, *Unusual Kiss* does offer some new, exciting images as Melissa hints at sensual lesbian threesomes, and leaves her listeners feeling pleasantly unsure and curious at once.

Or they might just feel like they're being fed a used formula.

Melissa Etheridge will get the honour of delivering the Montréal Forum's last rock concert, tomorrow

night starting at 20h, with special guest Ashley MacIsaac. Tickets should still be on sale at the Forum for exorbitant prices.

robinperelle

David Shea - **Hsi-Yu Chi**

Welcome to the era of deconstruction and collage in music. My subjective view of concept driven music and so-called world or new age music is usually not a pretty one, to mildly state my disgust and distrust. Usually. This album I can say genuinely captured my fantasy. As "an imaginary soundtrack for a mythological Hong Kong Western" as inspired by Tsui Hark, John Woo, Stanley Kwan, King Hu and Bruce Lee; it certainly is fantastically eclectic. It is inspired by a Chinese Buddhist myth, but takes on the form of a sort of road, er, horsepath movie. What about the music, you ask, this is after all an album, right? I put on

my sage-like face and get all Zen-like on you (which is quite the feat for anyone with my last name), "It is unlike anything you have ever heard, but also just like everything you have ever heard." One hand clapping and Spaceships? This album, when taken as a whole is a journey, made of individual destinations and rest stops which are reflected with different styles of music, all of which are pulled off professionally and lucidly. We are treated to glorious battle marches, swingin' spy themes, some rocking fight music — incidentally called *Fists of Fury*, — some pretty trance like ambience (sort of) a spaghetti western theme song and a sleazy, humping sax solo by underground hero John Zorn — proving that he actually can play at a somewhat less than mach two pace. David Shea uses a diverse cross-cultural sample of music styles and instruments to convey the desired mood: celtic drum, tin whistle dumbek, harp, piano, wacky samples (and a talented cast of musicians). Despite this schizophrenic seeming collage, this album manages to flow without sacrificing the individual integrity of each segment. Whodafigured? And hey, if anyone actually does use this as a soundtrack for a movie, you know I'll be there, clapping away.

jaymccoy





Echobelly want you to listen, not look

IDENTITY CRISIS?

by kevin siu

In art, the issue of context versus content is troublesome, at best. How does the artist's life and environment — his/her identity — shape his/her art?

"Is it my colour or culture, who can tell? Could we be hated for ourselves?"
— Today Tomorrow Sometime Never

Does it even influence the art or is art free of context? How important is this, anyway?

For the artist, the challenge is to prevent the content from being overshadowed by the context. For the 'critic', the challenge is to determine how the content and context are associated and what contextual elements are relevant — in other words, what to write about. Does the critic mention that the artist is a kickboxer, that the artist is of Indian descent, that the artist is a woman?

When British band Echobelly first emerged, the UK media focused almost exclusively on Echobelly's context. It was the members' cultural backgrounds, gender and sexuality — particularly the fact that singer/songwriter Sonya Aurora Madan is a woman of Indian descent (who kickboxes) and second guitarist Debbie Smith is a black lesbian — that became the preferred angle of numerous articles that praised the band.

Raison d'être

Often, though, this praise failed to mention their music, ignoring the band's *raison d'être* — to make music. Their first album, *Everyone's Got One* (EGO), was

Johansson. The rhythm section of Alex Keyser and Andy Henderson kept the songs tight

and controlled without sacrificing the energy of the band.

The most surprising thing about their debut, however, was the balance between lyric and music. Usually, intelligent lyrics fit awkwardly into natural melody. When they do, the music

is often simple and repetitive. On *EGO*, the lyrics complemented the music so unaffectedly that Sonya's words would invade the mind insidiously, despite their bluntness.

The new album, *On*, is musically more complex and varied, but lacks much of the spontaneity and immediacy that characterised *EGO*. The rhythm section experiments with time signature and speed and the raw, insistent guitars of the previous album are replaced by a more tempered, less obvious approach.

This evolution is mirrored in Sonya's lyrics. A comparison of *EGO*'s "Give her a gun" (In a lifetime full of changes / a woman's group is still a second class

Songs like "Dark Therapy" and "Worms and Angels" reveal a direction that relies more on metaphoric, ambiguous imagery than on a literal expression of opinion.

"With the second album I felt like a change," Sonya explains. "It's a personal thing for me. It's not like I'm

ashamed of the first album. I really like the direct approach and I like that don't-give-a-fuck attitude but I wanted it to become a bit more interactive.... I thought, OK, let's play a new game here, let's do something where I can offer an opinion but... not ram it down people's throats, make it a bit

"I was brought up, I've been told — a husband is the goal. What connotations in these loaded words: a spinster and a bachelor. I am whole all by myself. I don't need nobody else."

— Father Ruler King Computer

more subversive, make it a bit more subliminal, a bit more suggestive. I let people make up their own mind about what the song's about."

This new approach, however, is more than just a "game." It hints at Echobelly's frustration at being constantly labelled, despite their best efforts. It suggests that the band — particularly Sonya — wants to be seen as more than a label, more than a handy multicultural cover article. It indicates that the band is tired of seeing the content — their music — being overshadowed by the context — who they are.

"It's not a big deal, really," Glenn asserts, attempting to deflect attention from Echobelly's cultural make-up. "If you're going to get a group of five people in London, you're very likely to get one Asian person and one Black person and perhaps one European.... I see us as an English band."

Young, but not white nor male

Given this, one is compelled to ask why are there relatively few bands from England that

aren't composed entirely of young, white males? The two bands that epitomise the media-coined, media-created

'Britpop' movement, Oasis and Blur, each have a woman or a non-white member (or god forbid, a non-white woman member). In UK magazine *Select*'s top 30 albums of 1995, as chosen by *Select* writers, there are only three recordings on which a woman plays a significant role and only four recordings on which a non-white member plays a significant role (of those, two are from the US).

This broad, incomplete survey may indicate nothing more than that all the 'good' British albums in 1995 were made by young, white males. However, the reality is that there are few British bands with any representation outside those demographics — Elastica, Massive Attack, PJ Harvey, Lush being some notable exceptions — and when there are, the UK media creates a scene.

"They started off categorising us as a 'female-fronted' band because there was Elastica, there was us, there was Skunk Anansie. There was a

"Let the fear dislocate, lest we frown upon the female aggressor, Makes no sense, goes against the gender. Let her anger curse the years of oppression. Blame the mother, sell the sister — before she blows you away."

— Give Her A Gun

hunger for female-fronted bands," Sonya remembers.

"The only thing that really started pissing us off," Sonya explains, "is the fact that people kept concentrating on our

origins — Glenn's from Sweden, Debbie and I are from England but we're different colours — and really, at the end of the day, it's not that relevant to Echobelly. And the thing I've always felt is that there's something about us that has a universal angle and rather than picking up on that the media was going on about the other side and it got to the point that I just refused to talk about it anymore."

Her statement is a curious one, considering her determination in her earlier lyrics to bring issues such as racism and sexism — issues that are rooted in her identity — to the forefront. Some would claim that it is her responsibility, being who she is, to continue confronting these issues. However, in a way, this



logic places a constraint on the artist, and in turn on art. Would a white male artist be asked the same? There is no easy answer. Yet, as a woman of Indian descent in the media spotlight, when there are few, Sonya does confront those issues, if indirectly. And in many ways, Sonya and Echobelly are resigned to the fact that, to a certain extent, their music will always be defined by who they are.

"You have to go with the flow to a certain extent because if you're ever going to fight against all these labels, you don't get a chance to actually talk about the band. You're too busy saying 'We're not this' that you forget what you are."

Everyone's Got One and *On* are on Rhythm King records, distributed in Canada by Sony.

"Outside, will you come out and play with me? I've been scrubbing at my skin you see, but the colour remains on me. I wanna be the same, be the same, wanna be, wanna be the same as you."

— Call Me Names



Thursday, March 21

• CKUT will be hosting their 7th annual funding drive beginning at 15h to raise funds for their operating budget until 12h March 31. Pledgeline 398-8991.

• Canadian Studies wine and cheese at 20h on 3463 Peel St. All welcome.

• Department of History Staff/Student Seminar Series is presenting "The Theatre of Politics in Upper Canada in the 1830's" by Dr. Bryan Palmer at 16h at Thomson House, 3650 McTavish. All welcome.

• Creative Writing in English Literature at McGill University on the Macintosh from 15h-16h in Arts 260.

• QPIRG annual general meeting at 17h30 in Shatner 425/426. Food and drink served. All welcome.

Friday, March 22

• The Department of Anthropology presents "Cosquer Cave: Paleolithic Art Under the Sea" by Professor Jean

Clottes from 13h-14h30 in Arts W/120.

• Public meeting with a representative of the **Lubicon Lake Cree Nation**, Reinie Joobin of the Lubicon Lake Cree elders Council, Alberta Ed Bianchi of the Friends of the Lubicon, Ottawa. 19h at the Strathearn Community Centre, 3689 Jeanne Mance, 4th floor.

• Canadian Authors Association-Montréal Branch lecture will hold its meeting at 20h at Macdonald-Stewart Foundation, 1195 Sherbrooke St. West. Refreshments will be served. Info 426-5873.

• McGill students for AIDS Education presents Anna Urbanek of the Immune Deficiency Clinic of the Royal Victoria Hospital in "Taking Care of Patients Living with HIV/AIDS: A Multidisciplinary Approach." Info 989-9122.

• Jewish Student Renewal Conference this weekend at Benai B'rith Retreat. Info Yoni 871-9438, Sarah 933-8686 or Hillel 845-9171.

Saturday, March 23

• The Social Justice Committee presents a lecture on how the First World Countries dominate the Third World Countries called "The Debt Game" at 13h, 3715 Peel.

• An invitation to all Canadians to attend a citizens assembly on the future of Canada at 9h in Glengarry District High School, 212 Main St. North, Alexandria, Ontario. Info Blair (613) 525-2885 or Joe (613) 525-2020.

• The McGill Choral Society presents Schubert's Mass in G at 19h30 at the Erskine and American United Church. Tickets \$6 for students/seniors and \$8 for adults. Info 398-6814.

• The Latin American Awareness Group presents a workshop on land and human rights in Canada and Mexico.

• Benefit for Montréal Assault Prevention Centre at Centaur Theatre entitled "If We Are Women." For info about tickets call 284-1212.

Monday, March 25

• The Shakti, English department, women's union and McGill centre for research and teaching on women presents novelist and reading night with Larissa Lai & Chrystos at 19h30 in Rm. 160 of the Arts Building.

Wednesday, March 27

• Concordia Irish lecture series on "Ireland in The European Union: Experience and Prospects" by Professor Brendan Walsh at 1455 de Maisonneuve Boulevard West in Rm. H-767 at 20h. Info 848-2435.

Thursday, March 28

• WISE/PGSS presents a speaker series on "Alternative Careers in Science", 18h at Thomson House, 3650 McTavish St.

Ongoing

• Volunteers are needed for the Shalom Line that provides a confidential, anonymous listening service for people in

distress. Info 735-3541 local 3380.

• Grad student in Anthropology seeks students with tattoos to answer questionnaire and/or for informal interview session. By phone or in person. Info call Sari 284-5450.

• Tel-Aide is a listening service that needs volunteers. Info 935-1105.

• The McGill Journal for Middle East Studies is accepting submissions for its 1996 issue. Drop off your paper in the MESSA box in Leacock 414. Info call Alan 341-0927 or Sarah 845-9962.

• The Yellow Door urgently needs volunteers during the summer months to spend time with seniors living downtown. Info call Leigh Ann or Jo-Anne at 398-943.

• Literacy Partners of Québec can help you with your reading. Info call LEARN line 931-7434.

• Volunteer drivers needed to provide transportation to seniors with reduced mobility. Info call Joanne at 932-3433.

TIME FOR AN EMBARGO

Montréal Nigerians put the pressure on Shell Oil

by anupgrewal

Rather than being an end, the execution of Ken Saro-Wiwa last November signaled the beginning of a long fight for Nigerians against military rule and corporate exploitation.

Several groups in Montréal have come together to garner support for Nigerian and international efforts. The groups — which include QPIRG, the Committee for Advancement of Nigeria, Greenpeace Québec and Alternatives — are focusing their energies on Shell Oil and other Canadian companies that import Nigerian oil.

As part of a nation wide Nigerian awareness week, members of the Montréal groups spoke last night at McGill university.

Francois Tanguay of Greenpeace Québec pointed to Shell Oil's double standard of operation in Nigeria. "Like other major oil companies, Shell does in an undemocratic situation, what it would not do in a democratic one," he said, referring to the fact that Shell's environmental standards in its oil extraction in the Niger Delta are much lower than what it uses in, for example, Nordic countries.

Saro-Wiwa was hanged in the capital of the Ogoni territory in Nigeria, where for over three years he had led a popular resistance against the practices of Shell and the policies of the Nigerian federal government.

Popular resistance to the central government arose from the federal policies which have left the Ogoni impoverished in their oil-rich lands. Saro-Wiwa, himself an Ogoni, put aside his successful career

as an author to lend his articulate voice to the Ogoni people.

Ogoni agitation has crystallised around the environmentally destructive drilling practices of Shell. The multinational has drilled hundreds of small wells on Ogoni territory which belch fire and a fine spray of raw crude oil. The oil falls like black rain, leaving a deadly cover over Ogoni crops.



The wells are connected by a complex web of oil pipelines, which have repeatedly ruptured — further contaminating Ogoni cropland.

Shell's actions in Nigeria are not unprecedented, either for Shell or other large multinational corporations, according to Tanguay. Although "there are many Nigerias in this world," Tanguay stressed the importance of taking Shell to task for its actions in the west African nation.

"The whole corporate world is watching this time. If we can break Shell, then there may be a domino effect," commented Tanguay.

Since the death of Saro-Wiwa the company has spent millions of dollars on public relations claiming that it has no involvement with politics in Nigeria.

Elobad Ahmed Elobad of Groupe de recherche pour la liberation d'Afrique, reiterated Tanguay's comments, pointing to Shell's recent full-page ads in major newspapers in North America, including the *Globe and Mail* and the *New York Times*.

A boycott by the public of all of Shell's products and stores is crucial to counteract the company's public relations blitz, according to Elobad.

The timing of this greater push for action is important because in May, the standing committee on Nigeria will report to the Foreign Affairs department in Canada.

The Canadian government seems to be keen on bringing sanctions against Nigeria but will need proof of public support, said Katherine Cukier of QPIRG at McGill.

So far, Canada has joined Denmark, Sweden, Germany and Ireland in considering an international embargo modeled on the one placed on South Africa during the 1980s.

For this reason, demonstrations are planned every Saturday at the Shell station on St. Urbain and Mont Royal. As well, QPIRG McGill and Concordia are joining 12 universities across Canada in a postcard campaign to Shell Oil, Irving Oil and the Standing Committee on Foreign Affairs expressing concerns about the situation and pushing for an embargo.

GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST!!!!

The daily hereby calls one and all to submit *Hyde Parks* for our year-end special issue on: "The University".

This is your chance to express your opinions on McGill, professors, the place of the university in Canada and Quebec... anything and everything to do with post-secondary education.

Submit your opinions — of less than 500 words, please — to the Daily office, Shatner B-03, before April 1st at 17h00.

Space is limited so act today.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Ads may be placed through the Daily Business Office, Room B-07, University Centre, 9h00-14h00. Deadline is 14h00, two working days prior to publication. **McGill Students & Staff** (with valid ID): \$4.55 per day, 3 or more consecutive days, \$4.00 per day. **General Public:** \$5.70 per day, or \$4.85 per day for 3 or more consecutive days. Extra charges may apply, and prices do not include applicable GST (7%) or PST (6.5%). Full payment should accompany your advertising order and may be made in cash or by personal cheque (for amounts over \$20 only). For more information, please visit our office or call 398-6790. WE CANNOT TAKE CLASSIFIED ADS OVER THE PHONE. **PLEASE CHECK YOUR AD CAREFULLY WHEN IT APPEARS IN THE PAPER.** The Daily assumes no financial responsibility for errors, or damages due to errors. Ad will reappear free of charge upon request if information is incorrect due to our error. The Daily reserves the right not to print any classified ad.

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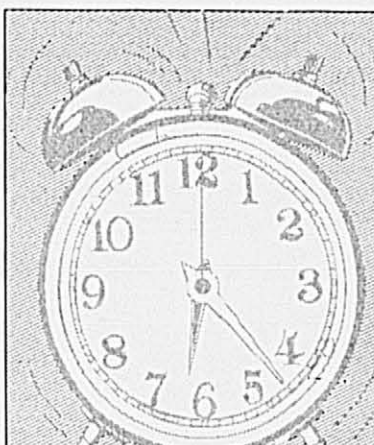
14-NOTICES



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Brunch on India: Sunday March 24, Bharat Bhavan Center, 4225 W Nt-Dame (St Henri metro), 12 to 15 pm. buffet, speakers, demos, draws. Louise 376-1270.



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Information as a Paradigm of Culture

Wednesday, March 27, 1996
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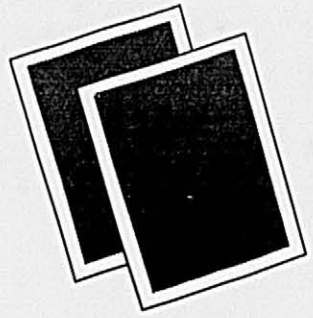
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